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# PROLOGUE

To a New PLAY, called

The Royallist. by *m Dufey.*  
14. Feb. 1687.

**H**OW! the House full! and at a Royal Play!  
That's strange! I never hop'd to see this day.  
But sure this ~~must~~ some change of Fate fore-tell;  
For ~~th' Fir~~ (~~methinks~~) looks like a Commonwealth;  
Where Monarch Wit's baff'd by ev'ry Drudge,  
And each pett Railing Brimingham's a Judge.  
But know, ye Criticks of unequal Pride,  
The Dice now give kind chances on our side;  
Tories are upmost, and the Whigs defy'd.  
Your ~~Factions~~ *Juries* and *Associations*  
Must never think to ruine twice Three Nations;  
No, there's one 'bove you has too long had Patience.  
Changing of sides is now not counted strange;  
Some for Religion, some for Faction change:  
And (lest Examples should be too remote,) }  
A Rev'rend Clergy-man of famous note } *Dr oaks.*  
Hath chang'd his Cassock for a Campaign-Coat;  
Amongst the Saints doth most devoutly Stickle,  
And holy Bag-pipe squeals in Conventicle.  
Another sort there are that rore and rant;  
Are Loyal; but all other Vertues want:  
Ask their Religion, they cry, What a Pox,  
Damn me ye Dog, I'm stanch, I'm Orthodox.  
These are as bad as t'other ev'ry way,  
And much unlike my part I act to day;  
A Royallist by Nature, not by Art,  
That loves his Prince and Countrey at his Heart;  
Addressees loves, to all Mankind is civil;  
But hates Petitions as he hates the Devil;  
Perfect in Honour, constant to his Friend;  
And only hath one fault, is wondrous kind.

Yet



Yet who here would refuse a kind Intrigue ;  
 Faith none who does it is a Rigling Whig.  
 This is his Character, and is't not pity  
 But such as he bore Office in the City ?  
 How would all honest Hearts their Fates esteem,  
 Were all our Common-Council-men like him ?  
 How glad to be preserv'd from Faction's Furies,  
 If such as he was Fore-man of the Juries.  
 This point once gain'd, Sedition would want force,  
 And equal Justice take its proper Course ;  
 Hang up all those for an Examples show,  
 That have deserv'd it Twenty years ago.

*The Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Underhill.*

**W**Hat in my face cou'd this strange Scribler see,  
 (Uds Heart) to make an Evidence, of me ?  
 That never cou'd agree with Ignoramus,  
 But for a Tender Conscience have been famous.  
 For who of these among you here that have  
 Not in your Rambles heard of Tory Cave ;  
 Who rores in Coffee-house, and wasts his Wealth,  
 Topping the Gentleman in Scotland's Health.  
 This part should have been given some hardy Fool,  
 That had more sense for Int'rest than his Soul.  
 I never had the knack of Truth-denying,  
 Loving Sedition, Loyalty defying ;  
 Nor could I take Ten Pound a week for Lying. }  
 But since 'tis so, I must intreat the pity  
 Of you our (never failing) Friends i'th' City.  
 For though I was not e're brought up to th' Trade,  
 I like Setting-Dog I may with Art be made.  
 In time such wholsom Documents receive :  
 Uds Zooks, who knows but I may stand for Shrieve ?  
 And faith, that thought hath rais'd my ambition :  
 Well, Sirs, give me but House-room, and Provision ;  
 Cry up the Play, and always let me find  
 My Benefactors Bountiful and Kind ;  
 Then, if you want a Swinger at a word,  
 'Zounds I'll swear for you through a two-inch-Board.

F I N I S.